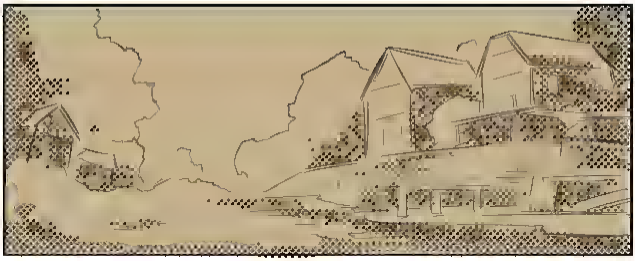
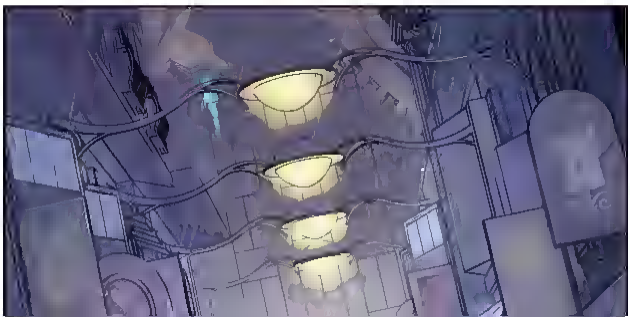
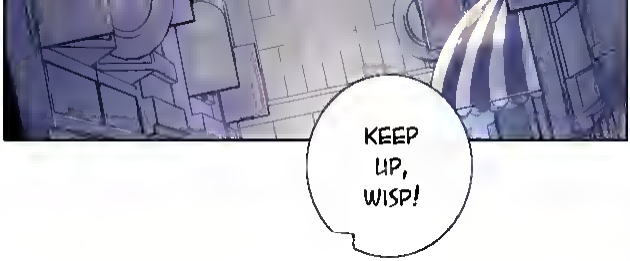
SO THIS
IS THE
CITY...

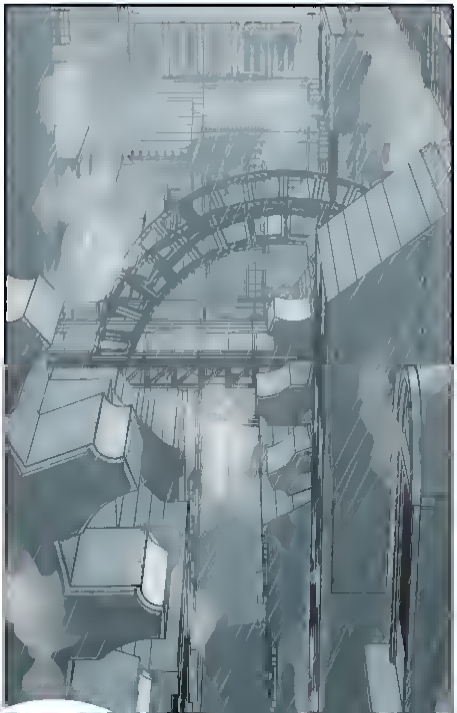


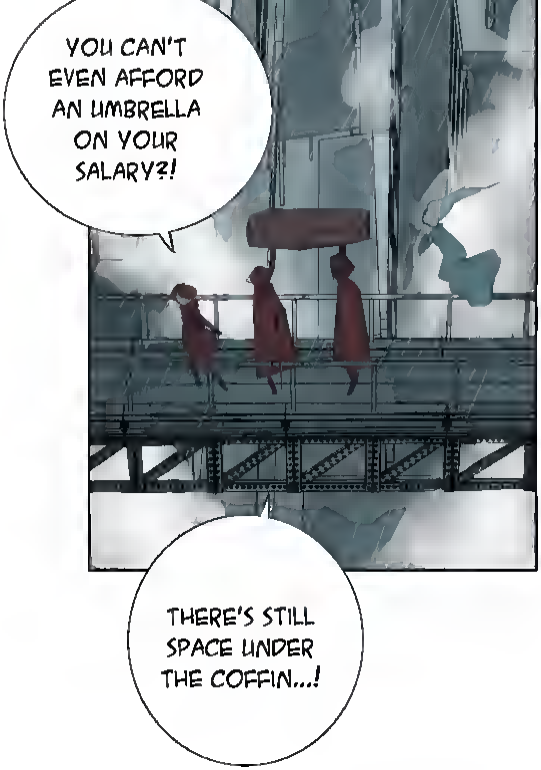
SOMEWHERE, BURIED IN
MY BROKEN MEMORIES, I
RECALL A LITTLE RUN-DOWN
VILLAGE ON THE BANK
OF A RIVER...



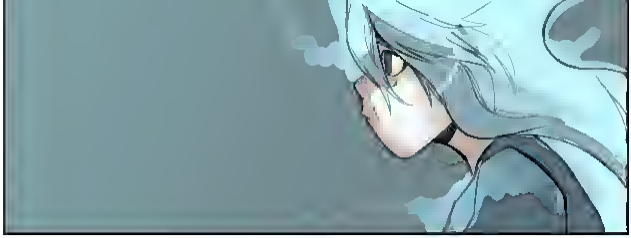


WREN WAS RIGHT...
SO MUCH HAS CHANGED.

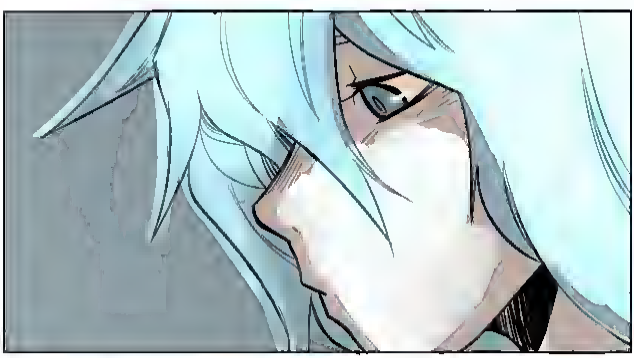




HOW MANY GHOSTS THERE MUST BE, IN A CITY THIS SIZE!



I THOUGHT I WAS ALONE,
BUT THEY WERE HERE AROUND
ME THE WHOLE TIME.



I WONDER HOW MY HOUSE
WAS NEVER FOUND...

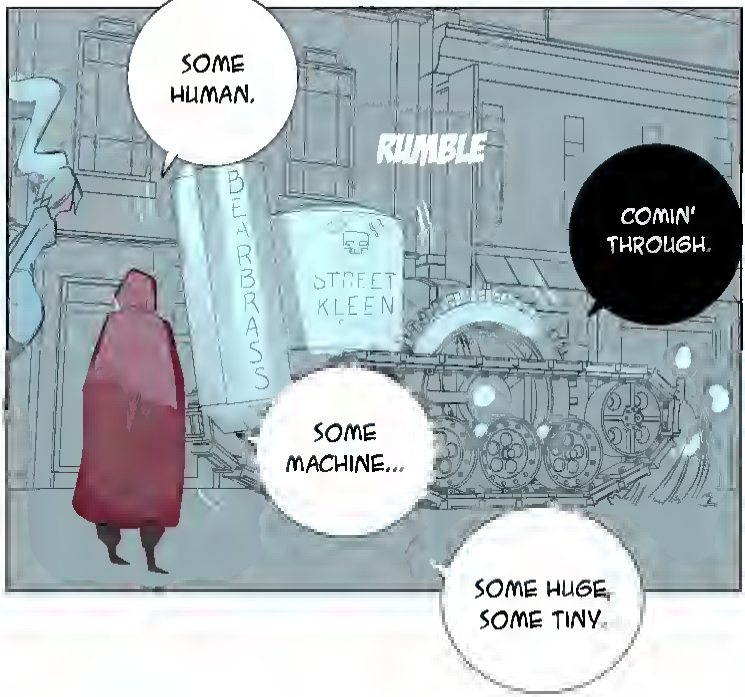
THIS IS THE PLACE!
IT'S QUITE BIG...

WELL, SHEESH. OF COURSE. THIS FACTORY SUPPLIES MOST OF BEARBRASS' DOLL HUSKS, AFTER ALL!
ALL RIGHT, O-70. NO FUNNY BUSINESS, OR THE WISP GETS IT!
GRR! IT'S NOX!

"HUSKS". PEOPLE KEEP USING THAT WORD!

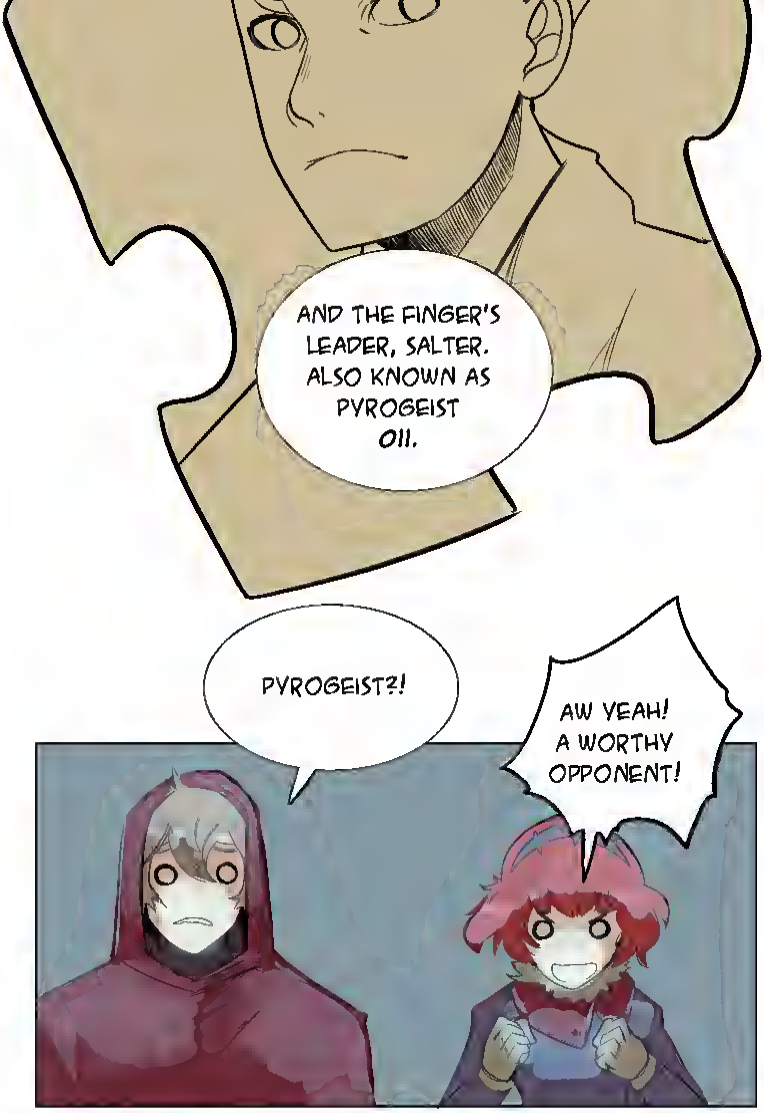
A HUSK IS AN ARTIFICIAL BODY THAT A GHOST CAN POSSESS, GIVING IT A SOLID FORM AND ALLOWING IT TO INTERACT MORE WITH THE PHYSICAL WORLD.

THERE ARE MANY DIFFERENT TYPES...


SOME HUMAN.
RUMBLE
BEARBRASS
STREET KLEEN
COMIN' THROUGH.
SOME MACHINE...
SOME HUGE, SOME TINY.

WELL THEN WREN, LUDMILLA. HERE ARE OUR TARGETS.

SPECTRE 224. HE HAS AN UNPLEASANT POSTMORTEM CRIMINAL RECORD.
PHANTOM 409. WE HAD HIM PLUGGED IN TO THE CITY POWER GRID, ALONG WITH 0-70.
BANSHEE 561. WE DON'T HAVE MUCH ON HER, BUT SHE'S SUPPOSEDLY QUITE OLD.


AND THE FINGER'S LEADER, SALTER. ALSO KNOWN AS PYROGEIST OIL.
PYROGEIST?!
AW YEAH! A WORTHY OPPONENT!
WE DON'T KNOW HOW MANY - IF ANY - OF THE FINGERS

MADE IT TO THE RENDEZVOUS POINT...
SO KEEP YOUR WITS -

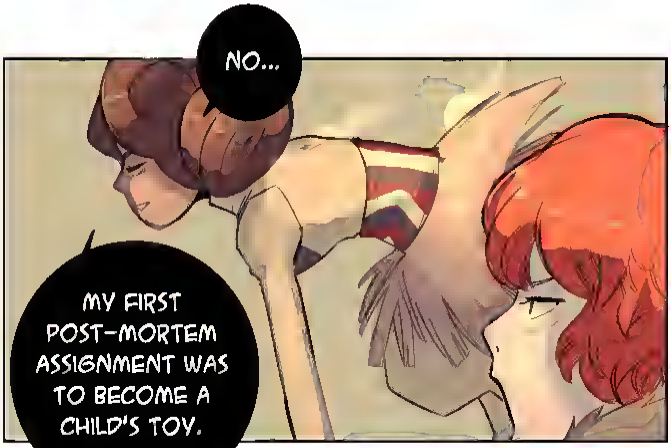
YEAHHH!! LOOK AT ALL THESE DOLLS!

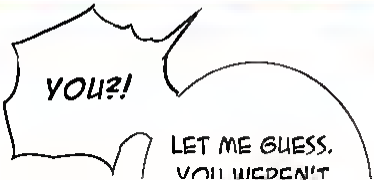
YOU'RE STILL A CHILD AFTER ALL, LUDMILLA, HEH...

I HAD A HAUNTED DOLLHOUSE JUST LIKE THIS ONE...
OH! OH! THE POSSESSED TRAIN SET! I HAD ONE OF THOSE, TOO!
MINE WAS BIGGER.
SO MANY HUSKS WAITING FOR GHOSTS...

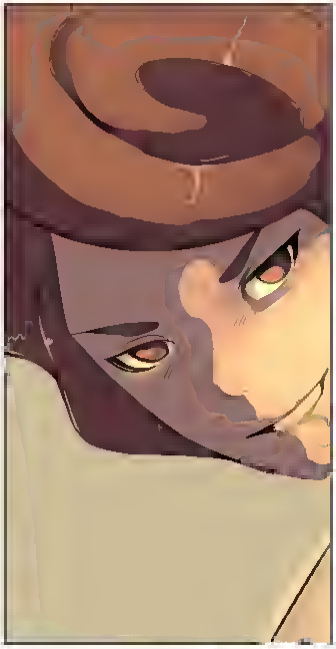
DID YOU EVER HAVE ONE, WREN?
A TOY POWERED BY A SOUL?
NO, IT SEEMED WRONG TO ME. EVEN WHEN I WAS LITTLE.
OH, YOU PARTY POOPER!

AH, THIS PLACE BRINGS BACK MEMORIES!
DID YOU WORK HERE?


NO...
MY FIRST POST-MORTEM ASSIGNMENT WAS TO BECOME A CHILD'S TOY.


YOU?!
LET ME GUESS,

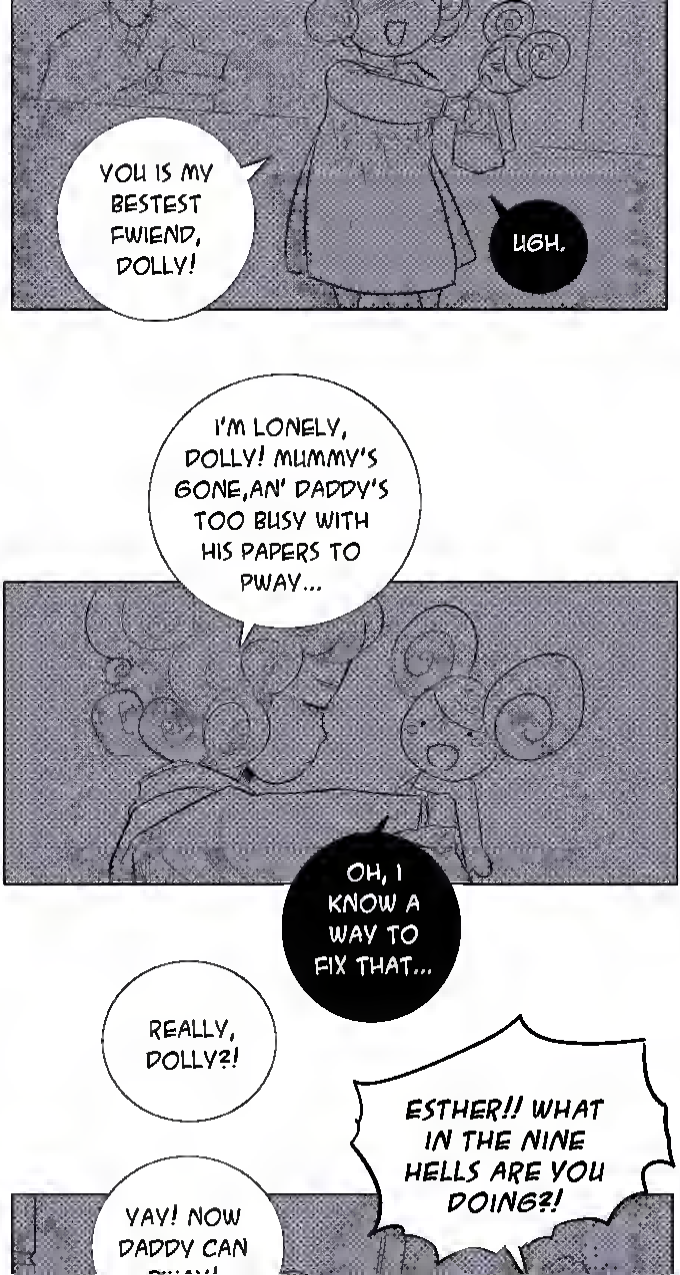
INTERESTING ENOUGH!



ON THE CONTRARY.

I WAS TOO INTERESTING...

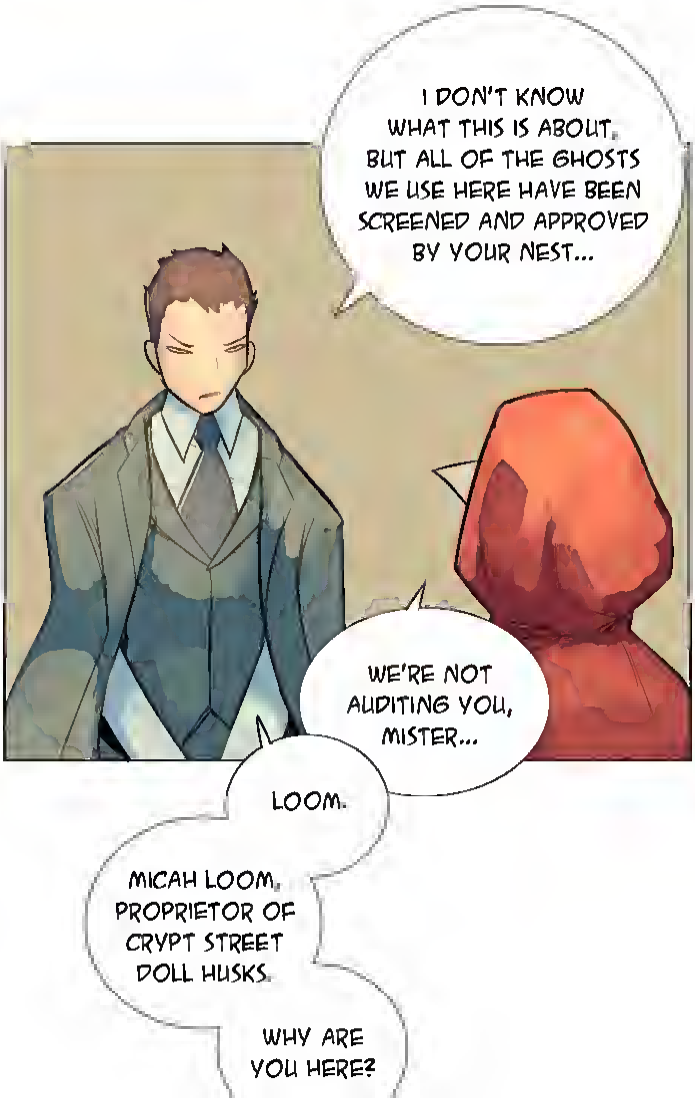
I WAS PURCHASED TO KEEP THE LONELY CHILD OF A NEWSPAPER EDITOR COMPANY WHILE HE WORKED.


YOU IS MY BESTEST FWIEND, DOLLY!
UGH.
I'M LONELY, DOLLY! MUMMY'S GONE,AN' DADDY'S TOO BUSY WITH HIS PAPERS TO PWAY...
OH, I KNOW A WAY TO FIX THAT...
REALLY, DOLLY?!
ESTHER!! WHAT IN THE NINE HELLS ARE YOU DOING?!
YAY! NOW DADDY CAN

PWAY!
CRACKLE
BURN
THAT'S A GOOD GIRL.

GOOD TIMES, MFF...
WOW... SHE'S ALMOST AS EVIL AS

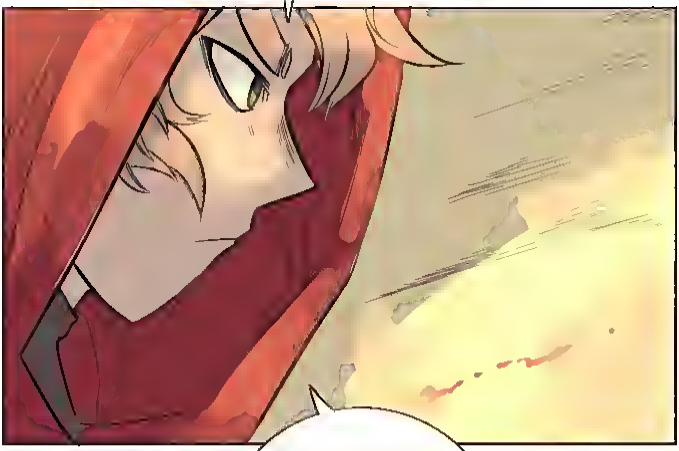
NOx...
EXCUSE ME. WE ARE CLOSING FOR THE NIGHT. YOU'LL HAVE TO-
OH.
IT'S THE CROWS.
HEY! WANNA PLAY?!


I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS ABOUT. BUT ALL OF THE GHOSTS WE USE HERE HAVE BEEN SCREENED AND APPROVED BY YOUR NEST...
WE'RE NOT AUDITING YOU, MISTER...
LOOM.
MICAH LOOM. PROPRIETOR OF CRYPT STREET DOLL HUSKS.
WHY ARE YOU HERE?

NEED A LOOK AROUND.
WE HAVE REASON TO SUSPECT SOME NE'ER-DO-WELL HAUNTERS ON YOUR PREMISES...

OH MY!
I HAVEN'T SEEN ANY SPIRITS DRIFT IN.
EVEN SO...

...AN ECTOPLASMIC TRAIL.



LIKE THE ONE NOX LEFT IN WINTER'S HOUSE.

MASTER ROOK!

OVER HERE!
WE'LL JUST MAKE OURSELVES AT HOME, THEN!
GRR! I'LL BE IN MY OFFICE, IGNORING YOU!
THIS WAY.
IT LEADS TO THAT VENT...

I CAN HEAR MACHINERY BELOW.
IT MUST BE THE FACTORY FLOOR DOWNSTAIRS.

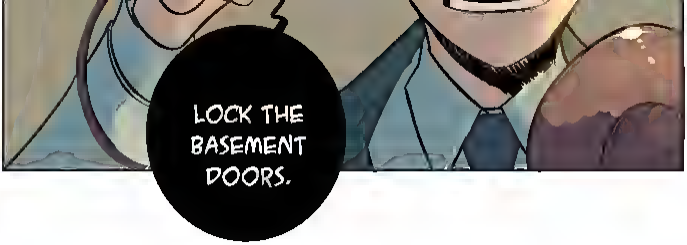
YOU! O-70! WHAT ARE YOUR FRIENDS UP TO?!

I WAS ONLY TOLD THIS ADDRESS, NOT THE DETAILS!
WHY MEET HERE, AT THIS FACTORY?
WHY NOT SOMEWHERE CLOSER TO WHERE YOU ALL ESCAPED?
S-SALTER WOULDN'T SAY!
HE PROBABLY FIGURED YOU'RE SO RUBBISH THAT YOU'D GET CAUGHT.
DIE!!

COME ON. LET'S TAKE A GANDER AT THE BASEMENT.
EYES READY!

YES.
YES, THEY'RE GOING DOWN TO THE FACTORY FLOOR NOW.
THE FINGERS ARE DOWN THERE. SHOULD I STALL THE CROWS SO THAT THEY CAN ESCAPE...

OH NO, MISTER LOOM, INSTEAD...
YES?


LOCK THE BASEMENT DOORS.

YOU WANT ME TO LOCK THE CROWS DOWN THERE WITH YOUR FRIENDS?
INDEED!

IT'S ALL GOING TO PLAN...
NOX DID EXACTLY AS I KNEW HE WOULD!
HISSS...

RISE FROM ASHES